

The oh so boring summer

by Molly

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Summary: If it was any more cheezier we would have to eat it (revised for your comfort)

The oh so boring summer

> <meta name="GENERATOR"> The oh so boring summer

****The oh so boring summer****

_A/N: OK, I know this story is incredible cheezy, and unrealistic, but it was made out of the boredom of Christmas vacation, and well, I needed something to do on the 30 hr. in the car, and this is what came out of the madness. Thats all I really have to say. Just imagine this is the summer between Harry's third and forth year.

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_Disclaimer : The people of Harry Potter, Ron Weasley, Hermione Granger, and Mr. & Mrs. Dursley belong to J.K. Rowling and I have no ownership of them, but we already knew that, it is called a fanfiction after all. The characters's of Andrew Blakley and his mother are products of my imagination, and you probably will never see them again. Unless I decide to bring them back ! _

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> <p>"This is going to be such a boring summer," thought Andrew as he walked down his street in his hometown of Surry. He has just returned from his school two weeks ago, and since he went to a school were children from all over England gathered, he didn't know any of his friends that lived near Surry. Andrew didn't go to a normal school, he went to Hogwarts, school for wizardry. Both his parents were muggle. Because of this he didn't live in a very wizardly part of England, and so, for the summer he was alone.It's only two months, he kept on telling himself as he walked back from the store to his house at number six, Privet drive. His family had just moved there over the springtime while he was at school, so he didn't know any of the

neighbors very well, but from what he figured out the neighbors were not very neighborly. The one on the left was a family of four that always seemed to be in a permanently bad mood, and one the right was an old lady with a lot of cats. Hey, well at least he would have a lot of time to work on his homework. Andrew was going into his second year at Hogwarts and they certainly liked to pile up the work. He passed the next-door neighbor's house and saw a boy working in the garden. He didn't recognize him from the rest of that family that he had seen. AN We can all tell where this is going to lead_He stopped and watched at his mailbox for a couple of seconds then turned and then quickly turned looked like he was interesting in the letters when he saw the boy looking up at him. He swore he recognized him from somewhere. He quickly grabbed his mail, which consisted of a Daily Profit and some bills for his parents.

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"Hey Mum, I'm home," He cried out to his mother in the kitchen as he ran outside to sit out in the garden and read his newspaper. Till September first this was the only way to keep in contact with the wizard world.

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It wasn't till two days later that he saw that boy again. He was out in his backyard again working on his history of magic essay, something about the mixture of Wizardry and Christianity, and he had no idea where to begin. After he had filled up his paper with drawings, trying to figure out where to start, he looked up and saw someone staring at him over the hedges.

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"Hello...anyone there?" He yelled out, closing his books. If it was some neighboring muggle like he suspected he didn't want them to see what he was doing. A head poked up from the hedge, and it was the boy from the other day. Andrew racked his brain, but couldn't figure out where he knew him. Was it from school? He did look a little bit like the famous Harry Potter. He had only seen him a couple times in school since he was two years above him, but he knew who he was, just like everyone else in the school. Naa, the chances of that were very slim.

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"You just move here?" The boy asked, peaking over the hedge again.

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"Just this spring." He answered, getting up and walking over to the hedge as well. This boy didn't seem that mean, and well, even if he wasn't magic, it didn't hurt to have one friend around the neighborhood. "Do I know you from somewhere?" He asked, his curiosity getting the better of him.

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"I don't think so," the boy said, giving him a worried look, and patting down his hair.

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"I was just wondering because I swore I knew you from somewhere. Have you lived around here long?"

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"All my life that I can remember. It's not a very interesting place to live." He sighed.

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"Your family doesn't seem very nice" Andrew said, before he could stop himself. After he said it he realized how mean that sounded.

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"They're not my family. Well, technically they are, but they are my aunt and uncle, so I don't care." He said, looking like he shared the exact same opinion as Andrew did. Right then a woman came out of the boy's house and out on the back patio.

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"BOY, get in here now!" She called out in a high voice.

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"Your names Boy?" Andrew said jokingly.

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"According to her it is," He responded. "My name is Harry."

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"Mine's Andrew."

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"I got to go, don't want to make her mad. I'll see you around." And with that he was gone into the house and Andrew was left to finish his history homework.

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It was later that week when they met again. Well actually Andrew decided, considering he had nothing to do, to ask Harry if he wanted to go downtown. He walked over to his house and knocked on the door. A large man opened it.

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"Hello, is Harry here?" Andrew asked. The man gave him a vicious look and then called up the stairs. It wasn't two seconds later when Harry came rushing down.

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"Hey Andrew." He said when he saw who was at the door.

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"This isn't one of your school friends is it?" The man said, putting most of the emphasis of his sentence on school.

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"No Uncle Vernon, this is Andrew, he lives next door."

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"I was wondering if Harry could come downtown with me?" Andrew asked, thinking that maybe this wasn't a good idea after all.

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"Get out of here boy!" He responded, pushing Harry out the door, and slamming it behind him.

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"Thanks for rescuing me, my aunt was about to put me to work."
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"Anytime, I have nothing to do this summer except homework. My professors loaded it down this year." Andrew replied.
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"Tell me about it. Is that what you were doing the other day?"
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"Yes, I was working on a history essay. My history class is the so incredibly boring
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"Same with me." Andrew wanted to ask where he went to school, but if he asked that he knew the question of where he went to school would come up, and he didn't want to answer that. So that question went unanswered for the time being. Instead they talked about other random things down to the stores and back. It was still early when they got back to Privet drive, so Andrew invited Harry to come over to his house for a while. They entered and walked into the kitchen where his mother was working on dinner.
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"Hey mum, here is your milk." Andrew said, putting the packages from downtown on the counter.
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"Are you going to introduce me to your friend Andrew?" His mother asked, turning around.
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"Mum, this is Harry, Harry this is my mum." Andrew said, introducing them.
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"Nice to meet you Harry, you live around here?"
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"I live next door." Harry responded.
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"So you must be the Dursley's son."
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"No, that's my cousin Dudley."
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"Ahhh, I see, nice to meet you anyway. Andrew, your father is going to be home in two hours, make sure you are ready for dinner then." she said, quickly changing the subject.
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"Yes mother." Andrew replied, and then turned and let Harry up to his room. He opened to door and then looking in, realized that he left all his Hogwarts stuff all over his desk, and his pet owl was perching in his cage. OH CRAP! He thought, quickly closing the door. "I'll be right back." He slipped into his room, and shut the door, leaving Harry in the hall. He went around his room as fast as he

could, throwing stuff into drawers, and then shoeing his owl out the window, threw the cage in the closet. After looking around the room to make sure everything was safe, he opened the door to Harry who was still looking confused in the hallway. "Sorry about that...my room was a mess." He moved aside so Harry could come in. They sat and talked till there was a knock on the door and it was his mother saying it was time for dinner. Harry said reluctantly that he supposed he needed to be home and left. At dinner, as expected Andrew's parents asked about his new friend. Andrew explained how they met a week ago. When he was done, his mother said,

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"Are you sure you should be friends with him Andrew, I was talking to Mrs. Dursley the other day and she was talking about how unruly her nephew is." Andrew gave his mother a look, like 'Oh please', and went back to eating his dinner.

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Andrew and Harry got together a couple of times during the rest of the summer. Whenever Andrew needed someone to do something with, he knew Harry would most likely be there. Then suddenly Andrew didn't see Harry all of August. He didn't see him till September first when he was on his way to school again. He couldn't wait to go back. He hadn't seen any of his friends since last June, and even though he had kept in touch with his pet owl, it still wasn't the same to seeing them every day. He hadn't gotten a letter in the owl mail that he was a prefect, and he wanted to know who got it for his house. He got up early, and they family was out the door, and to the train station by ten thirty. He put his trunk on the trolley, and they saying goodbye to his parents, he started off to platform 9 3/4th with his owl cage in hand. He was right about to turn and start towards the wall when all of sudden he ran into someone. Looking up to see who it was, he saw it was Harry.

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"Andrew hey!" Harry said, dusting off his clothes. "You going to school today?"

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"Yea." Andrew replied, and then looking down, he saw that Harry was carrying an Owl cage as well. He started to laugh. Harry Potter, he should have known. He saw Harry's eyes wander down to his owl cage, and Harry started to giggle as well. Right then a boy and a girl came up behind Harry.

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"Everything all right Harry?" The boy asked. "Who's this?"

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"This is Andrew, my next door neighbor."

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"Andrew Blakely, Ravenclaw." Andrew said, introducing himself to them.

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"Ron Weasley, Gryffindor." The boy said.

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"Hermione Granger, Gryffindor."

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"I should have known you went to Hogwarts." Andrew said, "I knew I remembered you from somewhere."

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"We have to go guys, it's almost ten till eleven." Hermione piped up.

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"Come, if we hurry, maybe we can get a compartment together." Andrew said, as they turned towards the barrier and disappeared.

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* * *

> <p>AN - Alright, alright, laugh at my cheezy ending. I know it was. It's terrible, horrible, worse fanfic I have ever written. It started out as a good idea, but then I lost interest, and wanted to end it as quickly as possible. I know I should be working on my time travel one, but I am a bad girl, and I can't. _

_A/N (2) - This is something I have to get off my chest, and this seems like a good enough place to do it. I have seen lately that there are people out there that complain about people who write about people's first year that they copy off of the part of the first book. I know my story about Seamus does that, but for a very good reason, he was experencing that. It makes total sense if you think about it, and there is really no way around it, considering it is set in stone by the first book. I am not saying that I don't change it to fit Seamus's POV but it is expected to be similar. I wish people who make these kind of comments would take that into account before they say those things..... Also, I know that grammer is a big part of writing, but I just dislike it when people mention something about my grammer on the reviews...if it bothers you that much, why don't you e-mail the person and tell them where their grammer is off. Just telling them that their grammer is wrong doesn't help much. Most of the people here are youngin's who are not perfect writers. I have gotten some flames about this comment, and to clear it up, I am not saything that the people here are not good writers...some of them are excelent, but great ideas has nothing to do with grammer. So sue me if that's not my strong point, does that automatically make me a horrible writer. I would really hope not. That't what editors are for. Ok, I am done now, thanks for listening to me crap. I hope you all don't hate me now _

End
file.